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precision and activity. Say your mass, Father Alberto, and leave us alone."

"Hush," said Antonio, "there is that sly old fox, Sebastian Zuccato, passing. See his sons bowing him off, touching their caps and kissing their hands! Might not one call it a doge escorted by his senators? That looks like aping the illustrious."

"Silence," said Vincent, "there is Messer Robusti, who is coming to look at our work."

They all three discovered themselves, more for fear of the master's repute than out of respect for his genius, which they were not capable of appreciating. Father Alberto stepped forward to meet him, and accompanied him into the chapel of St. Isadore. Tintoret gave a glance to the incrustated panels, bestowed eulogiums upon the restoration of the antique Greek mosaics, confided to the priest, and withdrew, profoundly saluting the Bianchini, without addressing them a word, for he neither esteemed their works nor their characters.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY OF THE IDEAL.

By E. B. Palmer.

THAT there exists manifestly in the structures, forms, colors, and motions of the works of Nature, a principle which we call Beauty, all enlightened minds will admit. And in none of the works of the Creator has this principle so elevated an existence as in the human form. The medium through which this marked distinction between external human nature and all other natural objects is so clearly defined, is man's innate knowledge that this wonderful structure, the soft, undulating forms, the rich and harmonious colors, and the graceful and elegant motions, all are wrought upon by, and give evidence of, the existence, and supreme command over them, of an immortal soul. And while it is admitted that beauty is of the most elevated character in the human form, because, from it beams the intelligence, the power, and, indeed, all that belongs to the soul, yet nowhere does this great principle, beauty, exist so intangibly, and without measure, as in the forms and expressions of humanity.

Therefore, one of the rarest gifts to man, is the fond appreciation belonging to an acute sensibility to the influence of beauty, while still more rare is the possession of those qualities of appreciation, combined with the ability to impress upon inanimate matter the forms of beauty, manifesting the existence of mind.

The mission of the Sculptor's art, is not to imitate forms alone, but through them to reveal the purest and best of our nature. And no work in sculpture, however well wrought out physically, results in excellence, unless it rests upon, and is sustained by the dignity of a moral or intellectual intention. Hence, nothing is so essential to the artist's success as a clear knowledge of the beautiful, or the capability of the just appreciation of the nature of the difference between that which is really beautiful and that which is nearly so. Few possess this power, and no one can acquire it who has not implanted in his nature a susceptibility so sensitive as to comprehend the influences of these minute grades or phases. Such susceptibility, when existing in a minor de-

gree, may be much enhanced by mental culture and the study of nature. As a result, in part, of the absence of this susceptibility in men, schools of art have arisen, by which I mean a manner of art-production, belonging to and pervading the works of congregated minds, and the peculiarities and differences which distinguish those several schools, furnish evidence that Nature—the unerring teacher, ever varying—is not the exclusive guide, but that other causes produce this result, and the similarity of the works of these congregated men, gives evidence of the undue reliance which is placed upon each other. That these schools have their origin in a want of a true feeling for the beautiful, or the true Ideal, I have little doubt.

The constant mingling of students of Art is sure to result in what is called manner, or academic conventionalism, and a morbid condition of Art-feeling, leading to extremes and exaggerations, as is apparent, at the present day, in the German, English, and French schools, each of these being peculiar in its manner; which peculiarity would not exist, if the teachings of nature had been the guide, instead of the work of man. Even the immortal sculptors of Greece were impressed by this influence. In many of their works are found peculiarities whose counterpart did not exist in nature. The Greek school made a standard for itself—particularly in the form of heads—which nature did not do. Such peculiarities and extremes are adverse to purity of aim, to simplicity of design; opposed to graceful, elevated, and natural results. A carefully cultivated love for nature, to beautify life thereby, and to elevate our race, should be the sole aim of every artist, and I am sure that none can attain a high and permanent estimation among men, unless their efforts give evidence of these noble intentions. To the support of these intentions, the beautiful is most potent,

"As beauty, armed with virtue, bows the soul
With a commanding, but a sweet control."

Such is its power that I must believe it to have been designed as a great moral agent, inexhaustible, and ever present with man, wherever he may be placed. All mankind, from infancy to age, are susceptible to its influence. Present even to the infant child of the wild savage, a rose and an oyster, two strangely-contrasting objects, though delectable to three of the senses, seeing, tasting, and smelling, and how readily will its little hand be outstretched to grasp the rose, such being the power of its beauty, while no effort will be made by him to gratify the other two senses until he is taught to do so. Thus you may begin with the infant savage, and ascend through the various grades of intellect, to its very summit, and you find this same wonderful principle ever present, with its softening and elevating influences, like a guardian angel watching over man, as if to modify and improve his destiny. He is blessed, who is a willing recipient of these divine influences; who receives them and is thankful for them, feeling, as he should, that they are overflowing with significance, breathing the gentle and persuasive language of God in bringing his children nearer to him, and to the fulfillment of his wholesome and perfect laws.

As has been said, all other qualities of

the sculptor are of little importance compared with this sense of the beautiful, and while all other qualities necessary for excellent execution in sculpture, *may* be acquired, without this no great work can be produced. I will endeavor to give an idea of its important bearing even upon every department of the Art of Sculpture, though I regret that, with my limited knowledge of the language of words, it will be impossible to show more than some of its most practical and tangible applications.

Sculpture may be arranged into three classes, viz., the Imaginative; the Illustrative Ideal; and the Historical, including Portraiture. The imaginative is placed first in the scale, because it is the result of the most elevated mental effort in the artist, and by it is meant those works whose designs have their origin in the imagination of the artist, and express thoughts that arise in him—imaginative it is also, because it presents in its compositions, combinations of objects and movements, such as flight, ascending or descending objects, which could only remain for a moment, and therefore not of sufficient duration for the artist to study and transfer them to his work. In this class, that acute sense of the beautiful is most essential by which the truth of the work is established, for where truth is not, beauty is also absent, and its absence is felt and deplored by that ever-present longing for perfection, while all the qualities necessary for the successful pursuit of the other classes, are equally applicable and important in this. Such Art productions as are illustrative of events or things described by history, poetry, or otherwise than by the artist, and are not portraits, belong to the class designated as the Ideal, and are more numerous than those of any other, for all the world of men furnishes ideas for the comparatively few artists—history, poetry, mythology, and, in short, nearly every department of letters, furnishes ideas for the chisel and pencil. The difficulties to overcome in this class will be readily seen to partake much of the character of those in the imaginative, as no one can so personate or represent the character of another, for the artist's study, unless partaking of the same nature, and placed under the same circumstances, with sufficient truth for the artist's reliance, and hence the necessity of a clear perception of beauty, character, and event in him. Historical sculpture, including portraiture, though placed last in order, is, nevertheless, perhaps less understood than either of the other classes, and is of great value and importance in illustrating social and political life. Why it may be said that it is not understood, we shall be able to understand by the following, from one who is looked upon as being inferior to none in the department of portraiture in sculpture, as compared to a few obvious truths, contradictory to directions set forth in his gratuitous advice to a contemporary. He says, "Tell Mr. A. to copy in his busts the forms he sees, as expression comes from form, and if the forms be correct, the best results must follow. There is no such thing as an ideal of a person's features and expression, unless it be the very truth. Let the bust or likeness express its own ideas."

It is often remarked that the best busts

are such, because they are in perfect imitation of Nature. This sounds very well, and may seem true to many; nevertheless, this is *not* the cause from which results great excellence in human portraiture, as it may easily be demonstrated that there is an immeasurable distinction between copying the human face (admitting it to be possible), and representing it. A plaster cast made upon the face of a person is, as nearly as possible, a copy of it, but no one who sees it, would allow it to be a representation of the face, especially if it be of a friend, whose every thought almost we read in that indefinite something, which a copy of form alone fails to give, and which, when given, we feel as if in the presence of life. The lustrous eye, the dark, soft lashes, the dilating nostril, and the dimpled, moving mouth, all are lost in the cast. And if all these be lost in the cast, which is so perfect a copy, how much more must there be wanting for its attainment in the head *modelled* by him who aims only at a mere copy of these forms, when it is true that to copy them perfectly, or anything else, is impossible. Yet portrait busts can be, and have been made, in which none of these deficiencies are felt. Such is the power of the ideal, that, by its interposition, this result is attained.

Why is it that when we look upon the living face, we instinctively feel a desire for more perfection in it, a desire that more of the heart's reality might be shed forth from it, and that it *indicates* more than it really and fully expresses? The reason is this. Every face and figure is but a type of its own ideal, or, in other words, of that degree of perfection to which it was originally designed to belong, had it not been wrought upon and impressed by our imperfect knowledge of life, and by the degraded passions of man. Is it not true, that in moments of joy, sadness, or of responsive love, we have seen beaming from the faces of those dear to us, something that seemed more than form, color, or motion, could express, a gleam of the true spirit gushing forth? This, then, may convey an idea of what is meant by the original perfection, or ideal of which each face is but a type. Many, if not all of us, feel the absence of this ideal, but by none so much as it felt as by him whose love for the beautiful is purest, and whose sense of perfection is acutest. And by him is the portrait in sculpture most successfully achieved. No one can, or should, copy mere form, but all must be so *modified* (not, however, revealing the means) as to tend to the ideal or order of perfection to which the character belongs, so as to portray that spirit, whose absence we so much feel. Of course, the lower the order of the forms, the easier is its ideal attained, because the lower orders of perfection are more easily reached than the higher, as the charcoal is more easy of imitation than the diamond, so is the more gross element of humanity more easily portrayed than the pure, elevated, and Godlike. Hence the more refined and subtle the forms are, the more difficult the task of representing the spiritual tenderness, and various emotions which they are capable of expressing. Thus, the purest and best of our nature is evinced in portraiture, *not* by copying the forms, but by reaching after something higher—a spiritual modification of them—studying

the changes in forms, and their tendencies to express life. By this theory of what may be termed physical metaphysics, is founded the great difficulty which has always existed in acquiring satisfactory portraits of women and children of much beauty.

As the *results* only of this theory can be seen, it is impossible to impart the mode of its application; as it is by intuitive feeling that it is applied or regulated, so is it impossible to show its importance more satisfactorily than by a few of its broader applications.

Of all the parts of the head (of course including the face and neck), no one is susceptible of so much change in arrangement as that of the hair, which seems a most happy provision for the means of Art, aiding as it may, by its various modifications, in attaining the ideal, developing and enhancing the natural beauty of the head, and concealing also the defects that may exist.

The accompanying sketches are designed to show much may be done by the artists in arranging the hair upon a portrait bust, without making any perceptible change in the actual form of the head.

EXAMPLE NO. 1.



No. 1 shows how the hair is arranged as usual when the wearer presents herself to the sculptor or painter for a portrait. This is what we are directed to "copy as we find it." It elongates the head, in effect, from the chin to the crown, gives the front part of the head a depressed appearance like some of the animals, while the hair is brought down at the sides like the ears of an elephant, thereby concealing the forehead, by which so much that is high and intellectual may be expressed, and also concealing that beautiful feature, the ear.

EXAMPLE NO. 2.



This example, No. 2, is to show something of the result in arranging the hair upon the same head, when the ideal is aimed at. Again, in the superficial treatment of the hair, aside from its general arrangement, a very great deviation from the actual is

necessary, as its nature is such that to copy it would be perhaps further from possible, than would that of any other part of the human figure. To represent itself, flowing qualities, has always been a great difficulty in the sculptor's province. It seems to have been thought so obviously unattainable in marble, that no well-founded theory has been imparted for its treatment, and as has been said, in alluding to schools of Art, each has followed his predecessor. It may have been observed, perhaps, in hair, as usually produced in marble, an evident aim to copy the individual hairs, by cutting, as nearly together as is possible, deep parallel grooves, thereby leaving high, sharp, parallel ridges between them, the grooves making dark shadows, while the raised parts or ridges produce light or extreme lights. Thus bringing dark in contrast with light in their extremes, the marble being white, and the shadows being dark—a hard, wiry effect is the result.

In observing the natural hair, we find quite a different effect. The hair being itself dark, the shadows but little darker, the contrast is not great, and harmony is the result.

How plain it is, then, that the same relation between lights and darks in marble should exist, that is found between lights and darks in natural hair, in order to secure the same softness and harmony. This may be done by avoiding all sharp, deeply-cut lines. The truth of this theory has been established as to its happy results, and to its foundation upon natural effects, while, in its execution, accuracy of imitating the actual must be avoided, in order to secure truthful representation of effect. Observe the eye in each of the sketches; in No. 1, it is intended to imitate the eye, as seen in profile; in No. 2, to represent the effect of the same. Both designed to show the modelling of the eye in sculpture, where the lash cannot be copied or imitated, and to represent its *effect* is all that can be done.

In the first, the absence of the lash is much felt, but by the additional thickness or projection of the lid, slightly turned upward as it extends outward, producing soft and abundant shade upon the orb or eyeball, this natural and much sought-for effect is attained, as is seen in the latter. The importance of this change from the actual, any one must feel, who is aware that all the varieties of expressions of which the eye is capable—fear, anger, guilt, pain, love, joy, &c., result from the changes of the surroundings of the eye, and *not* from any change of the orb or eye proper, which is capable of no change perceptible, except from the influence of light.

The change of the upper lid, while it is but one of many pertaining to the eye, is the only one easily defined by language; the others, no less important, are more intangible and governed by feeling, or by a sense of the sparkling vivacity and animation expressed by this feature. In forming the eye, as in every other part of the figure, should a true feeling for the ideal manifest itself, stimulating and governing the application of this important Art-law of deviation from the actual in form, for truth of effect.

It is safe to say that, when life, mind, and beauty, is to be represented by the sculptor, he should, in every portion of the

human figure, aim at something more than a mere copy of forms; and it is also safe to say that, if he does not intend more than an imitation of form, he will not attain even that, for it is as certain that deviation must follow, from necessity, as it is that actual imitation is impossible, and that such deviation should be on the side of life, beauty, and intellect, or he fails to show, and make felt, the strange and wonderful power of form upon the mind.

Albany, 1855.

THE PAINTER AND HIS SITTER.

By C. P. Traub.

As his easel sits the Painter, at his canvas large and white,
And he gazes on his sitter, in the clear, soft studio light,
And with yielding charcoal deftly draws his outline bold
And free,
Till the face and form are pencilled, for a cunning hand
Has he,
Then in graded semicircle spreads his colors and his hues,
Whites and reds and sunny yellows, sober greys and
browns, and blues;
And the sitter sees the palette (but is hid the canvas
face),
Sees the primal law and order, every color in its place,
Each proportioned to the other—all seems plain and
understood,
And he builds his dream, and trusts the growing picture
will be good.
Soon, however, on the palette, while the picture is un-
seen,
All is mixed in strange confusion, and he says, "What
can it mean?"
Can those patches and those scratches ever come to
anything?
From such muddy streaks and blotches can a fair crea-
tion spring?
For the sitter must not stir to see the work that's
going on,
Till the portrait is completed, and the artist's task is
done.

Like this puzzled sitter, often sits believing, doubting man,
On the universe he looks and sees a little of the Artist's
plan:

Sees with philosophic eye, the laws that govern and
direct,
Traversing the world in order—free of discord and de-
fect,

Each a promise of fulfilment—each a hint for hope and
faith,
While the Infinite Creator breathes through all his
living breath.

Life is rich—the world is perfect—all is order, joy and
peace.

Can this vision of perfection spanning earth and heaven
cease?

Ah! the days grow dark and darker—and the har-
mony we seek,
Crossed by bitter winds of discord, turns into a mad-
dened shriek.

Hope is crushed and faith bewildered—all in wild con-
fusion whirled,
And the skeptic laughs—"It is a dauber's palette—this
brave world!

Where are all your primal colors—where your lovely
light and shade?

All is chance and contradiction—out of such what can
be made?

See not the Artist's meaning—See not the end in view,
I must sit and watch his fingers, till his work is carried
through."

But the Painter still is working—through these forms
of sin and strife,

Out of all this seeming chaos, moulding fairer forms of life,
And one day the patient sitter, from the Artist's point
of sight,

Shall behold his form transfigured, glowing in the per-
fect light.

PARIS, April, 1864.

BURNS AS AN INTERPRETER OF NATURE.

By A. M. Warren.

ALTHOUGH he generally used it as a back-
ground to his delineations of human char-
acter, and though he has never given us a
word of geology, nor shown any knowl-
edge of clouds and their effect, like Words-
worth, yet has he brought the sunshine
from the heavens, and scattered it o'er the
lea, and drawn the dew from the atmos-
phere, and showered it on the flowers. He
saw nature as we view any beautiful object,
not with a desire to dissect it, part by part,
but as a perfect whole, of which each sec-
tion goes to make up the finished structure.
What cared he, when the heather glowed rich
before his eye, whether it were a sandstone
or granite foundation on which it rested.
Who that has read his pages has not had
his imagination enlivened, or before whose
mental vision has not rolled grand pan-
oramic scenes, in which the truth of nature
was portrayed with a masterly hand. Many
shrink with becoming modesty from much
that bears the stamp of his genius, but in
his better moments, he shows deep rever-
ential feeling, with great regard for truth
and honesty. Because we have good and
bad fruit in the same dish, does it follow
that we must necessarily mix them and eat
them thus hashed. If we will take the bee
for an example, we shall find that it sips the
sweet, and leaves the poison to moulder.
It is well to think of folly, and denounce
it, but let us not exclude circumstances
from having their just weight, nor debar
sympathy from coming in with its Heaven-
healing balm. Burns drew from Nature
his choicest smiles, and in his most im-
passionate strains, a note, caught from Na-
ture's scale, seems to steal almost uncon-
sciously into his amorous lay. See in the
following:

"The groves of sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summer exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen and green bracken,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow
broom."

We feel that there is a deeper meaning
to come out, and here it is:

"Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lovely unseen;
For there lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening linnet, oft wanders my Jean."

For all his love, he worshipped not so
blindly but that he could see and find time
to appreciate the lovely wild flowers, the
blue-bell and gowan rustling low among
the leaves and grasses. What a quiet,
solemn picture he has made of the latter
part of the first verse, commencing—

"Yon lone glen and green bracken,
With the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

We almost find ourselves listening, as we
read, to catch the murmur of the water, as
it sweeps out from under the over-hanging
leaves. In another place, the innocent and
unprotected flower engaged his sympathy,
and out of its simple form he has woven a
picture, exquisite in feeling, with truth
enough for the most fast-loving, and sug-
gestive of as much as the imagination will
ask for, or a Pre-Raphaelite wish to work
out. Hear it:

"Here, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,

Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the shure upstarts thy bed,
And low thou lies!"

Who but will pity the frail flower lying
under the cruel ploughshare, with its little
heart crushed, and out of which we feel the
life-blood ebbing fast, tingling the cold sod
with its purity. He, himself, tells us that
some of his best inspirations have been
suggested while at the "plough-tail," and
our belief is strengthened every time we
read these lines. What a sweet bit is this,
and what artist would fail to study it, were
he to come across it in his rambles after
the beautiful and picturesque:

"The scented birch and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite."

Hear what he says of spring, summer,
and autumn:

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets of daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea."

We have here the soft, drowsy air of
spring, opening the buds and flowers, and
expanding everything into new life. Then

"In summer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blow in ilka field."

This is genuine mid-summer, betwixt the
grass and grain harvests, while the clover
springs again from the stubble, and gathers
freshness and perfume from every passing
shower. Now autumn comes, when

"The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Looked on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Logan's winding stream."

There is a moan in the first line, as the
wind comes down from the hills where it
has had its lyric, and we stand in the shad-
ow of the grey clouds—while the sun
darts a ray through upon the fading land-
scape strewn with the wrecked glory of
the summer—while they are marshalling
their sombre columns for the onset. Three
pictures fit to compare with any for truth
and simplicity. With one more passage
we close the book; but let us not forget to
pardon his faults, and commend his virtues,
and thank him for giving us such fresh de-
lineations, containing, as they do, so much
rich suggestiveness and healthy ripeness.
The poet's soul was full of the spirit of the
scene when he wrote the following, and
out of its fullness flowed a torrent-picture
unequaled:

"Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyres pours his mossy foulds;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
When, thro' a shapely breach his stream resounds.
As high in air the hursting torrents flow,
As deep receding surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear, astonished rends,
Dim seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide resounding lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below the horrid caldron boils."

ANTIQUITIES.—To confine our studies to mere
antiquities is like reading by candle-light,
with our shutters closed, after the sun has
risen.—Campbell.